THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

Nowhere is my passion for adventure so gratified as in a dak bungalow, obliged by law to shelter *any* traveller for twenty-hours, where we all sit down together at table dressed in any costume, and where I have met and conversed with every sort, from one who had declined to be Viceroy to two who were wanted by the police. It is pouring in torrents, so I postpone till to-morrow the first stage of the grandest drive I know, and these reflections suggest themselves while watching the Jhelum wind sluggishly past.

Higher up the river towards sunny Bijbe-hara the water has lapped the banks of a bungalow the scene of a prolonged Hindu honeymoon, the most successful affair of its kind I have ever seen, albeit the consent of either party to this marriage arranged in eastern fashion was according to custom never asked. The bride, a member of a princely house, a little purdah lady thirteen years of age, is the prettiest piece of living Tanagra

work, and if all women were as happy as she with the handsome Bengali youth Fate has assigned her to, how many suffragettes would be left to clang bells in market places, bawl through

megaphones,